

# Good Morning 444

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Edna Smith in the garden, mending her bicycle that Submariner Eric Smith smashed up when he was last home on leave. Edna says he was "showing off," riding down their road, and crashed into the kerb.

## This is bike you "busted" A.B.S/T Eric Smith

WHEN I called at your home at 152, Kingstanding, Birmingham, Torpedoman Eric Smith, your sister Edna was trying to put together her bicycle which she said you "busted up" when you were last home on leave.

"Tell him he's in for a rough time when he next comes home," said Edna as I photographed her struggling with the front wheel. She says you might be a good submariner but you can't ride a bike!

Your mother was out at the pictures. Marion is keeping well, her husband in the R.A.F. was home on leave recently. Cycling back to his camp in Banbury he was taken ill with his old malaria trouble and had to be taken to hospital.

Your sister Phyllis has left her job and gone to another

factory. Eileen is home on holiday from school and so is the Nipper young Bill.

Edna says he's driving her mad. By the way Edna has started writing to her old love again. They have made it up.

Your mother has been on holiday for a few days at Stoke-on-Trent. She had a good time. Your young lady, Pat, has written.

The family next door were on holiday and your mother was looking after their rabbits, dogs and chicken. There was a terrible dog fight in your garden while I was there.

Your brother Sid in Sicily, has written home that he is well and wants to be remembered to you.

Everyone at Finchley-road is well and looking forward to your next leave.

## News from Outposts for A.B. John Forsyth

THE address you gave us, A.B. Royal Navy is expected home John Forsyth, was that of soon. From his cheery letters your mother; we thought it was your home. Anyway, we called at both addresses, and found both families to be well.

Your mother, at Sutherland-street, Kirkcaldy, said the neighbours had been asking after you.

At 141, Beattie-crescent we met your wife, who gave us all the news of the family outposts.

Mrs. Forsyth, after a bout of interviews with the Ministry of Labour has been instructed to start work, so by this time she will be doing some war work. Her brother Tom, in the

Young Jimmie is just back from a Boys' Brigade camp. He feels so tough now that he intends sleeping out in the garden for the rest of the summer.

Your colleagues Pete and Bob have been inquiring after you recently. They send greetings and hope to see you soon. Frank Dean also called the other day.

Reminding you of the good times you and she are going to have at the ice rink and dance halls, your wife closes the message from home with all her love.

# W. H. Millier takes you to Wonderland and Discusses BETTING AND BOXING

BETTING is all very well if carried on in the places set aside for this popular business, such as racecourses, but there is no place for it in boxing shows. If there is one particular sport, more than any other, in which betting is an unmitigated nuisance it is boxing. I refer, of course, to the professionals, not the amateurs.

It is actually illegal to bet in any hall where boxing takes place, but this is honoured more in the breach than in the observance.

In fact, in most places you will find that betting is carried on quite openly, almost as freely as on the racecourse, except for the absence of bookmakers' stands and other paraphernalia.

IT is not so much the betting in itself that is the bugbear to the man who wants to sit back and enjoy the boxing purely for the pleasure it gives him; it is the undesirable element that is attracted solely for the purpose of betting.

Nearly all the riotous scenes that have been caused throughout the history of the ring have been directly attributable to betting.

In the days of the old Prize Ring it was a favourite dodge of the hooligans to break up the ring and end the fight when it was evident that their bets had been placed on the wrong man.

Even when the Prize Ring, with its secret meeting places, gave way to properly organised boxing contests, it was found to be almost impossible to divorce the game from the betting element.

Wonderland was the place where there was almost as much betting on the contests as one sees nowadays on a greyhound track. The din had to be experienced to be fully realised. There was no restraint on shouting the odds, and many bets were made by tictacs out of sheer necessity.

I have seen many audacious stratagems resorted to at Wonderland when the bets looked like coming unstuck. On one occasion the hall was plunged into darkness in the middle of a fight and the packed mob ran the risk of being gassed, if they survived the trampling in the course of the stampede.

One of the hooligans had blown down a gas-pipe and put all the lights out.

The sword of Damocles has become a figure of speech, trite enough, but still is scarcely the common currency of an East End gangster. Yet it was one of these gentry who introduced a modern version of Cicero's legend into an important glove contest for the sole purpose of bringing off a 5-to-1 chance.

The scene, as you may have guessed, was Wonderland. Such an incident could hardly have happened anywhere else in England. Stuck in the ring-post in one of the men's cor-

ners was an enormous knife, quite the size of a sword.

Every time the boxer returned to his corner he caught a fresh glimpse of this murderous-looking implement, as it was intended he should do. It was a lesson in applied psychology.

### WIN—OR ELSE!

Not that the cut-throat responsible for placing the knife there had any notion of psychology as such. His action had been based on the elementary knowledge that a greater fear will most assuredly render a lesser fear null and void.

The boxer, in whose corner quivered the butcher's knife, was a highly skilled performer. He had the ability of a first-class champion, but he had also one very great weakness, which had hitherto kept him out of the select company of great ones honoured by the title of champions, and this was what is generally known as the yellow streak.

The reigning champion in his weight division at this time was famous for the power of his punch. Not only this, but he was considered to have been hewn out of a block of granite, because nobody had ever succeeded in putting him down, and it was thought that even a sledge-hammer would bounce off with such force as to injure the striker.

Small wonder that it took a power of persuasion to entice the yellow-streaked boxer into the same ring with this formidable champion. It was also not in the least surprising that odds were freely offered on the champion.

That there were takers on these odds was also an eye-opener to the uninitiated. The takers were the aforesaid gangster and his friends.

The gang leader, having purchased that outsize in knives from the neighbouring meat market at Aldgate, proceeded to put his theory to the test. Whilst the gloves were being tied he took up his position in "Yellow Streak's" corner.

With the utmost economy in words, he outlined the boxer's ancestry and told him he had

got to win. If he didn't, that knife—take a good look at it—was going to "rip the guts out of him." If he had any doubts on that score, let him be assured that Jack the Ripper was the merest amateur compared to the speaker.

### ART WILL OUT.

You can hardly imagine a full-blooded Englishman tamely submitting to this sort of thing, so I hasten to assure you that the boxer under review was not of our breed. His forbears came from the Mediterranean island where, aptly enough in this instance, we are told Damocles sat under the sword suspended by the single hair.

Still, this scion of a line of ice-cream purveyors must also have had the blood of artists in his veins. Rarely has a boxer shown such artistry in avoiding damaging blows as did our knife-threatened performer on this occasion.

Merely a shake of that knife before he left his corner for another round was sufficient to keep him on his toes.

The gangster's experiment worked successfully. The champion failed to score a knock-out, and the more skilful performer won, to the astonishment of the betting boys who had laid odds on the champion.

One more of the wonders of Wonderland. Mention of Jack the Ripper brings to mind a bizarre "relic" of this mysterious murderer. I shall not poach on Stuart Martin's preserves, but in case you are unacquainted with the gruesome story of Jack the Ripper, I will just say that his deeds struck terror into the hearts of members of the world's oldest profession, for it was these, to the exclusion of all other members of society, who were singled out for his deadly skill with the knife. Moreover, the dread deeds were all committed within a certain prescribed area of Whitechapel.

The murderer was never caught, and was never seen, and all manner of theories were advanced to explain the mysteries. Some thought it must have been a mad surgeon, who chose this gruesome process of pursuing his studies; others had the notion that the murders were mad acts of revenge on a certain class of the community by reason of the murderer having contracted a disease, about which we have heard much in recent times.

The few facts that gave rise to these theories were that the murders were carried out with the utmost despatch and that the "ripping" was done with the skill of the practised surgeon; in addition, there was always an organ taken away from the victim's body, which weighted the evidence that pointed to anatomical skill in the murderer.

From time to time, these stories of Jack the Ripper have been published in all their lurid details, and every so often, visitors from near and far would seek out the alleyways to indulge their morbid interest in the scenes of the crimes.

One of this notorious criminal's victims escaped with her life, and who could blame the poor creature for cashing in on such a remarkable happening?

Whenever anyone interested in following up the trail of Jack the Ripper appeared in the vicinity the chances were they would be introduced to the ancient harlot who could tell the first-hand story of the fiend.

### SHE KNEW THE RIPPER.

Not that she could throw much in the way of fresh light on the mysteries, but she could, for a small consideration, plus a little liquid refreshment, retire to a private abode and reveal the lengthy

scar, all that remained of the handiwork of Jack the Ripper. A queer way of getting a living, to be sure, but then, this was a queer world in which she lived.

She was usually to be found in the public-house adjoining Wonderland, which is my only excuse for bringing the subject to notice.

Now, by way of a change, let me finish with an open letter to all submariners. Here it is:—

My Dear Blokes,

I have used up 1,952 sheets of paper, much ink, a little thought and lots of shoe-leather in writing umpteen thousand words for your entertainment, and you, for your part, have not written me one solitary line to let me know whether I have succeeded in mildly interesting you or have failed dismally to fire the tiniest spark of enthusiasm in your sturdy chests.

How on earth do you expect me to know what you like to read if you don't write and tell

### ODD QUOTES

I've a great fancy to see my own funeral afore I die.  
Maria Edgeworth  
(1767-1849).

The stern hand of fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the great everlasting things that matter for a nation; the great peaks of honour we had forgotten—duty and patriotism clad in glittering white; the great pinnacle of sacrifice pointing like a rugged finger to Heaven.

David Lloyd George,  
1914.

Follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow,  
Though thou be black as night,  
And she made all of light,  
Yet follow thy fair sun, unhappy shadow.  
Thomas Campion  
(d. 1619).

Some undone widow sits upon my arm,  
And takes away the use of 't; and my sword,  
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,  
Will not be drawn.  
Philip Massinger  
(1583-1640).

me? Even a well-directed brickbat would be better than this long silence, which has left me feeling rather like the tired and thirsty traveller who has tramped six miles to the village pub, only to find the doors closed and a notice saying "Sold Out."

Well, that sums up my feelings. Are you going to quench my thirst?

Yours to the end,  
W. H. MILLIER.

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1





# TO-DAY'S BRAINS TRUST

If you saw in an advertisement that someone had left you some money, how could you prove to the lawyer that you were the person meant? In other words, if doubt is thrown on your identity, how can you prove you're you?

This is the question discussed to-day by a Barrister, a Detective, a Journalist, and a Coroner.

**Barrister:** "If, by proof is meant absolute certainty, the answer is, you can't. The utmost you can do is to make it seem far more likely that you are the person in question than anyone else is. There is no such thing as cast-iron identification."

**Detective:** "Finger and palm prints are believed to give indisputable evidence of identification. So far, no two persons' finger-prints have been found to be exactly the same."

**"But to show your finger-prints would not help you to claim your money unless they were also impressed on the will for comparison."**

**"Few people's finger-prints are on record, and most of those that are do not belong to people anxious to show them to lawyers."**

**Coroner:** "Not long ago a woman turned up at a London mortuary and identified her husband's body. She returned home grief-stricken, only to find him asleep in bed."

**"It is pretty certain that if a wife cannot identify her own husband, nobody else can."**

**"A list of odd characteristics, such as irregular teeth and birth-marks, helps, but how many people know their own birth-marks, let alone have them listed before witnesses?"**

**Journalist:** "To identify a man in a street accident it is generally sufficient to consult his pocket-book. He may have an identity card, some letters addressed to him, or some visiting cards."

**"But all these things may be—and have been—forged."**

**"Even a banking account proves nothing except that somebody or other has got an account under your name."**

**Barrister:** "We have all been thinking of direct evidence so far, but circumstantial evidence is much more satisfactory. If a dozen quite independent lines of inquiry all point to you

being the person you claim to be, then the proof may be good enough even for a lawyer to go by."

**Detective:** "Some years ago I remember that a body turned up which agreed with the description of a 'missing' person in many particulars—height, probable age, colour of hair and eyes, moustache, and so on. Funeral services were gone through and the will executed."

**"And then the man turned up alive and tried to regain his property. But he was totally unable to prove that he was alive."**

**"He then broke a shop window and came before the magistrates, to whom he explained that as he had been pronounced dead by the law, he couldn't possibly have done the damage. The magistrates fined him, nevertheless."**

**Coroner:** "I believe it has yet to be proved philosophically that any of us to-day is the same person he was ten years ago!"

**"Our bodies get renewed every seven years, so they are at best only fairly accurate copies of the ones we used to have. And our memories are notoriously inaccurate."**

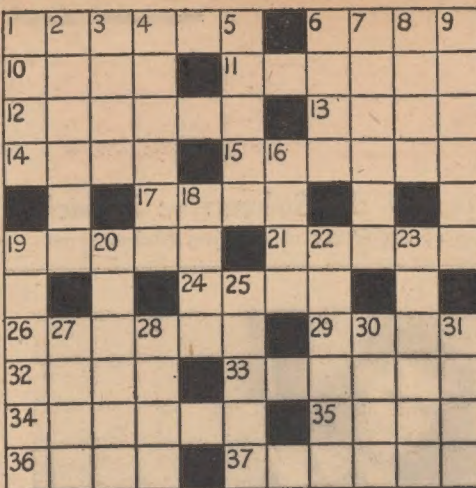
**"Some people say they remember being the King of England, but they are not given a crown on the strength of that—they are locked up."**

**Journalist:** "I suppose the best thing to do is to get the willing testimony of as many respectable, independent witnesses as possible. If they all say they believe you to be the person you claim to be, they are at least as likely to be right as a jury in a court of law."

Some word that seems with hidden meaning—like Basingstoke.

W. S. Gilbert.

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Look.
- 6 Fibre.
- 10 Divine bird.
- 11 Obstacle.
- 12 Confidence.
- 13 Eager.
- 14 Stalk.
- 15 Least amounts.
- 17 Always.
- 19 Handsome woman.
- 21 Fat.
- 24 Air.
- 26 Conclusion.
- 29 Route.
- 32 Melt.
- 33 Number.
- 34 Decorative band.
- 35 Feudal benefice.
- 36 Pip.
- 37 Repatee.

MISS BESTIR  
ADMIRE ERNE  
PEACE HEAVE  
PAR MOO MID  
E TRANSEPT  
NO UNITY EM  
CONDOLED E  
FEZ ENE OWL  
ALOUD RATIO  
DONS ASCEND  
STEAKS EDDY

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Donation.
- 2 Calm.
- 3 Think intently.
- 4 Hard coating.
- 5 Motif.
- 6 Husks.
- 7 Opinion.
- 8 Slender.
- 9 Composed.
- 16 Metal.
- 18 Forbid.
- 19 Deceives.
- 20 Girl.
- 22 Deprived.
- 23 Youngster.
- 25 Complete.
- 27 Unmixed.
- 28 Attention.
- 30 Hotch-potch.
- 31 Adroit.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"No, imported, I'm afraid, m'lady—er—born in New Zealand of English parents!"

## Museum Magic—Please Touch All the Exhibits

BEFORE the war many of the world's greatest museums were not afraid to admit that they lacked anything like the numbers of visitors for which they could cater. They had only themselves, in many cases, to blame for this state of affairs. People—especially young folk—wanted to get a close-up view of the various exhibits; wanted to get a first-hand view. After the war, when museums settle down in earnest to work for their specific public, it is most likely, up to a point, that they will, so far as it is possible, allow keen students to examine the various valuables.

The Newark (New Jersey) Junior Museum encourages its young visitors to examine the collection, and in one case even allows them to try on a priceless mandarin coat.

The result of this has been to attract many folk who would never normally have thought of visiting a museum, associating it with ancient buildings and a "stuffy" atmosphere.

Now an average of two to three thousand visitors examine the exhibition at Newark Junior Museum every Saturday.

Down in much-bombed Shoreditch, London, at the Geffrye Museum, they follow a similar system. If anything, the London museum is ahead of its American counterpart, for several children, as the direct result of their study in the museum, have left school and taken on a job they learnt in "The Geffrye."

Only the other day, a youngster, who studied the art of pottery on Saturday mornings in the museum, started out in life with a pottery firm, who were impressed by his enthusiasm and knowledge of the subject.

But things have not always

been as they are to-day at this Shoreditch museum. Before Mrs. Molly Harrison took the post of Acting Curator, three years ago, it was like any other museum—with many large dust-covered notices saying "Don't Touch" printed on them.

She and the other authorities have since done everything possible to make the local children appreciate that it is their museum. That it is there for the purpose of helping them to learn more; it is in itself a most wonderful "educator."

The result has been that sometimes as many as 250 children a day "drop in" to add to the knowledge they accumulate at school. But it is not done as in school. The kiddies, for example, weave on hand looms, paint pictures of the various things on show, learn the stories behind each item. In fact, they are enjoying themselves and learning at the same time.

By using museums as a means of adding colour to children's lessons—and often telling grown-ups something they did not know—a great deal of good will be the outcome.

Never before in history has there been a desire for knowledge so great as it is to-day. Films, newspapers, books and radio have all responded well to this thirst for education.

It is now up to all the museums to realise the responsibilities that are theirs, the great opportunity they have to make the post-war public realise the full value of their work.

This can only be achieved by getting "closer" to the public and treating them as students keen to learn.

Junior museums have succeeded in becoming centres of study. The bigger and more important institutions could do worse than follow their example.

WILLIAM MOONEY.

## WANGLING WORDS—383

1. Put a pastry in SER and make a tyro.
2. In the following common saying both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Howrt phel a tileit ypit a fo si.
3. In the following three fruits the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 611L3, G4613, 1364.
4. Find the two hidden girls in: I'm a believer in work, and studied Nature for years.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
A full assurance given by looks,  
Continual comfort in a face.  
The lineaments of Gospel books;  
I trow that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.  
Matthew Roydon  
(fl. 1580-1622).

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 382

1. Chilly.
2. Darling, je vous aime beaucoup.
3. TH-ROB.
4. Jun-I-per, Cy-press.

## Short odd—But True

Blouse of the Russian peasant inspired the design of the British Tommy's battledress.

The hairy Echidna of Australia lays eggs, wears both hair and spines, has no teeth and eats ants.

Apotheosis was the Greek term for the inclusion of a mortal among the gods. Julius Caesar was given divine honour.

## QUIZ for today

1. A cotta is a metal pin, earthenware tile, surplice, farm labourer, peat digger?
2. How many poets can you name beginning with S?
3. Give the seven colours of the spectrum in order.
4. Who succeeded Henry I to the throne of England?
5. Rearrange the following pairs correctly: Treacle and Gilbert, Sankey and Ross, Sullivan and Moody, Cromarty and Brimstone.
6. All the following are real words except one; which is it? Pelagic, Pelargic, Pellagar, Pelasgic, Pellagra.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 443

1. Greek letter.
2. Herrick, Hunt, Herbert, Holmes, Hood, Henley, Homer, etc.
3. Four degrees.
4. St. George's Channel.
5. They bring forth their young alive.
6. Pedical.

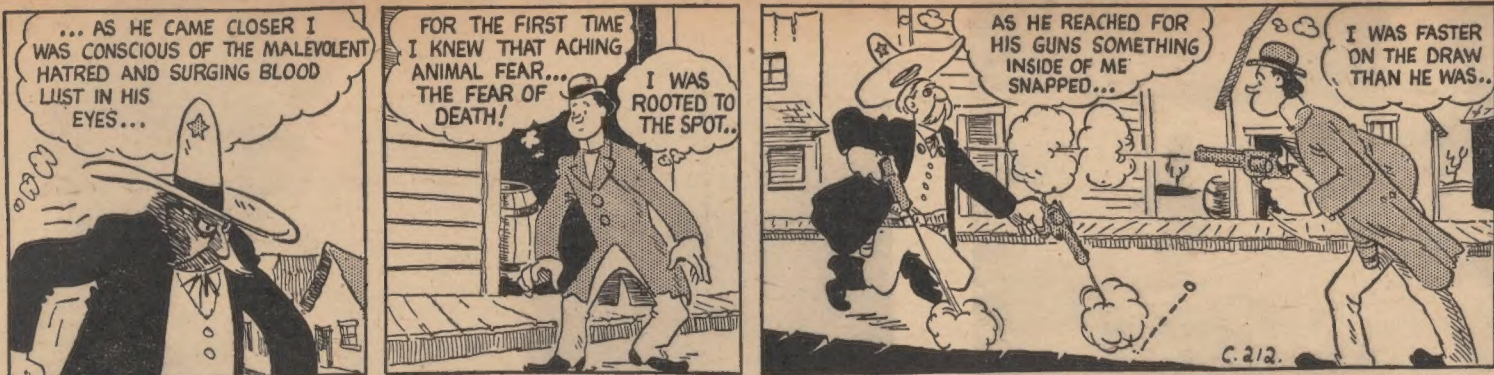
## JANE



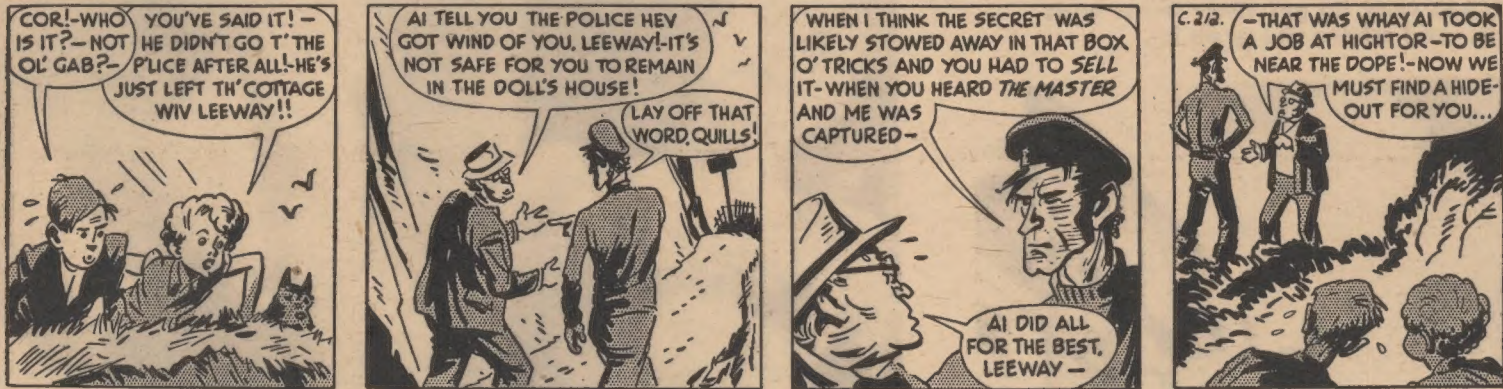
Daughters of Eve are the mothers of invention. On the right is the patent shower—a hole in a bucket, a sprinkling can rose, and a stop-go string to pull. But the girls at the Bedfordshire Agricultural Camp thought of the other all by themselves. Just the sprinkling can, a rope to pull, and—oh, the giggling!



**BELZEBUB JONES**



**BELINDA**



**POPEYE**



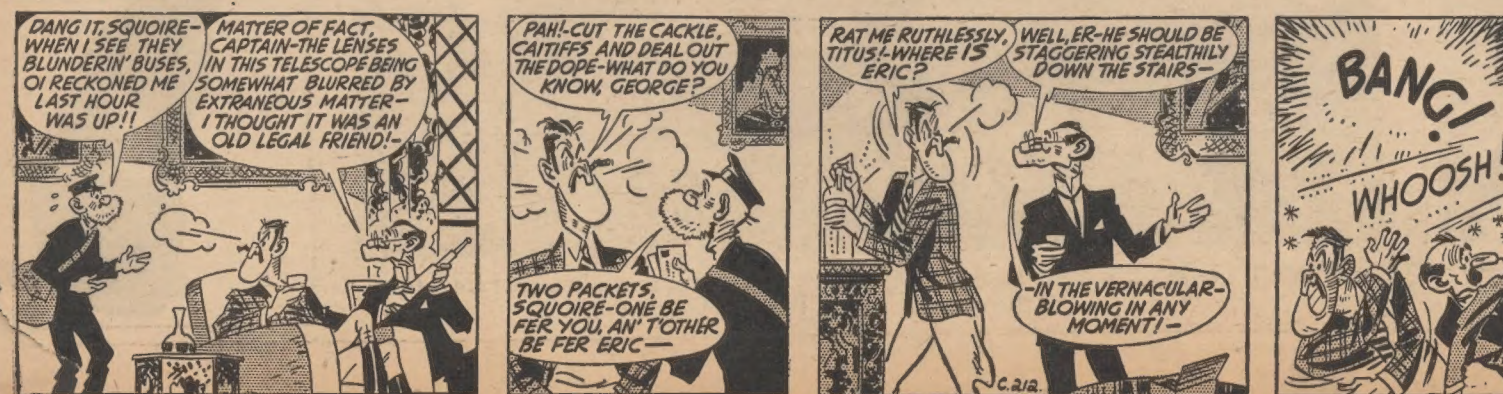
**RUGGLES**



**GARTH**



**JUST JAKE**



# Just Fancy-

By Odo Drew

An esteemed (?) correspondent who signs himself "Disgusted" but, otherwise, gives no clue to his identity, takes me to task for trying "to lead us up the garden path with those bits you write in 'Just Fancy.'" Where I quote him-I suppose it is a him-it shall be verbatim, though it will not be extenso. I have merely inserted a little punctuation, which is an improvement both from the point of view of appearance and of ease of reading.

He-or she-writes: "That was just about the limit that piece you wrote about a Canadian ship being manned entirely by Red Indians. I have enquired from a lot of people who are clever, chiefly C.P.O.'s, and they say they have never heard of a ship called the 'Oowooda tooka.' Personally I have had my doubts for a long time about the authenticity (sic) of what you write, for example that piece about a debate in Parliament, I have never heard of the Members you mention. Also further, I don't believe you ever had an Aunt Fanny."

"What, sir, do you take us for? I say you are a fraud and a false pretender, and if you get paid for what you write they must have more money than sense. One of my mates says what you write is humerus (?) and not suppose to be took except with a grain of salt. If that is so, why not come out into the open and start off by saying as how you are a humerus (?) writer. Then we should know we had to laugh. As it is you are using the power of the Press to spread untruths."

My correspondent seizes upon a coincidence to bolster up his accusations. "Your nephew, Merrian Drew," he writes. "Merry Andrew! You have no more got no nephew neither as you haven't no Aunt Fanny."

The insinuation about Aunt Fanny I pass over with scorn. No gentleman who knew of the tragic fate of this poor woman would drag her dead body into the limelight of public controversy.

As for the rest, I might adapt, if not the famous last, at least the famous penultimate words of Horatio Bottomley, and say: I have been paid, but-Still, I would never claim that paucity or otherwise of remuneration could excuse "a tissue of lies."

It is true that newspapers are short-staffed these days and that, accustomed as they are to doing good by stealth and blushing to find their good deeds reported in their own columns, anybody with a hard luck story can get a job. In my own case I was taken on the staff on my own merits. When I asked for three pounds a week, they only cut me down by ten bob; but promised to reconsider my salary in a couple of years or more.

There are fellows on the staff who are making as much as a fiver in especially good weeks, though this includes a bit on expenses, such as charging up a bus fare and then walking. I don't know what the Editor gets, but I should not be surprised if it were not nearer ten pounds than five, for he drinks bottled beer and smokes American cigarettes. After all, he is a good man and came to the paper with very good testimonials from the Borough Surveyor of a Midland town where he had been for a time Deputy-Inspector of Nuisances.

As for what the Editor thinks of me, I know. Only the other day he said, in a most friendly manner: "You are not a great writer, maybe; but you are clean, and that is a rarer virtue than cleverness."

As far as the name is concerned, that is my own business. If I know my readers they will realise the necessity of a nom de plume where, as I have, one has suffered for years from income-tax people, bailiffs, policemen with summonses, wives with demands for alimony, children who claim that I am their father, and grandparents on all sides who are suing for maintenance.

Whilst I refute my unknown correspondent's accusations, I should be the last to deny that an error may occasionally creep in to my record of events. As the news I provide is exclusive and gathered from secret sources, corroboration would often betray the origin of my information. Were I to do that, I should be guilty of the gravest professional misdemeanour. I would rather not defend myself against the arrows of anonymous detractors.

Just fancy suggesting that this column is "humerus"!

## Alex Cracks

One day a teacher asked a little girl to spell "then."  
"T-h-e-n," answered the child.  
"Right," said the teacher. "Now, when 'T' is taken away, what is left?"  
"Please, teacher, dirty cups and saucers," said the little girl.

A gorilla escaped from a zoo and was found dead in Glasgow by two Scots.  
After looking at him some time, Sandy exclaimed: "He's twa lang i' the lip for a MacPherson, and twa hairy for a Cameron; gang awa' to the big hoose, Jock, and ask if any of the Engleesh are messen."



Good Morning



Not exactly deep-sea divers, we admit, but they do get their front ends where they want them (and where the grub is).



## This England

Strolling down the quaint, cobbled, calm of Chester, which not even Emergency Water Supplies (nor A.T.S.) have ruffled.

## TWO-WAY VIEW OF GLAMOUR



Here's Phyllis Calvert gaily jaunty in her two-way brocaded panties or whatever they're called.



Close-up of Sacred Baboons examining the newest arrival.



"Well, I think it's a bit tough, they won't allow me to swim, just because I forgot to bring my bathing suit."

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll take the substance, you take the shadow."

